Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleaſed?

*Thai.* Yes, if you loue me ſir.

*Per.* Euen as my life or blood that foſters it.

*King.* What are you both agreed?

*Amb.* Yes if it pleaſe your maieſty.

*King* It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſt you can, get you to bed.

*Enter Gower,* *Exeunt.*

Now ysleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of his moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of Burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
*Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

*Dumbe Shew.*

*Enter Pericles & Simonides at on doore with attendants, a Meſſenger meetes them, knerles, & giues Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with child, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the World together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from Tyre,

Fame



Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour theſe:
*Antiochus* and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there haſtes t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſum of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her deſire,
Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
*Lychorida* her Nurſe ſhee takes,
And ſo to ſea, then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe: the grieſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ſhip diues:
The lady ſhreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauile with her feare:
And what enſues in this felſe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelſe, it ſelſe performe.
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay
Which might not? what by me is told;
In your imagination hold: